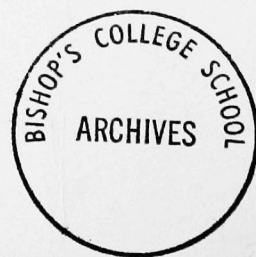
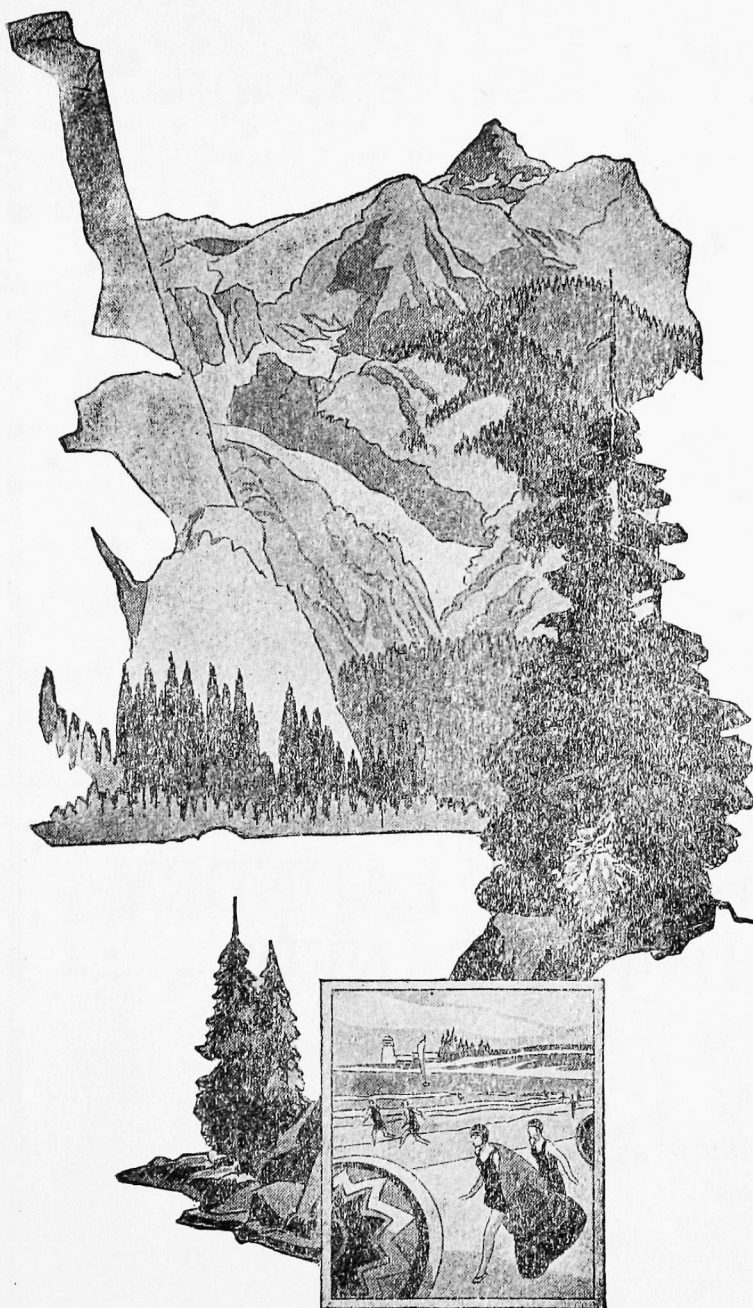




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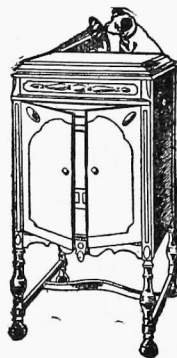
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King's Hall Magazine

1929



Editor

J. M. HORNER

Committee

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D. CRABTREE		
M. TURPIN	- - -	VI.A
N. PIRIE	- - - -	VI.B
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Editorial

WE do not boast about this magazine. We do not issue it as a challenge to other schools to look on our works and despair; nor do we feel that it has touched the heights to which King's Hall is capable of rising. First numbers, we know, are supposed to come into the world with a flourish and shout and to promise, if anything, more than they can fulfil. Ours shall be the exception then.

Though this magazine has been vaguely talked of for months, in the end—like Death—it has come suddenly. Having seen visions and dreamed dreams of what we *might* produce, at some future date when the contributions should come in, we decided in the end to adopt a Looking-Glass method—to get out our magazine first and take in the contributions afterwards. So that this first venture of ours is what modern politicians delight to call a “gesture.” “Take it or leave it”, it says to the world. “But King's Hall has produced a magazine.”

And there is one thing, at least, that we can say in our own praise. What we say is *true*. A school magazine, after all, is a record even before it is a practice ground for young writers, and we hope that this is a faithful record of our year. Why we should feel it necessary to record our activities is a mystery, but it is only one evidence of the craving for immortality which seems to be in all of us. We have tombstones erected to our everlasting memorial; we carve our names on trees—or desks; we write school chronicles. You may dismiss our literary efforts as unlikely to set the Thames—or the St. Lawrence either—on fire, but at least you cannot cavil at our reports of things which have actually happened. Our statistics—we maintain it—are above reproach; our pictures are from the life.

So having comforted ourselves with Mr. Chesterton's paradox that “if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing badly,” we wish to thank all those who have worked hard to bring this magazine into being. Let us hope that, once begun, it will have a long life and not die like its predecessor, the *King's Hall Log*, from sheer neglect and inanition.

EDITOR.

Literary

"REFLECTIONS IN THE BLACK BROOK"

RIPPLE, ripple, and on the Black Brook's surface are reflected many things; tall slim white birches, sturdy evergreens wavering strangely with the motion of the water; a shy deer daintily drinking and then some cottontail bunnies and a squirrel; sun shining down in warm patches through leaves, pink roots showing through the water, and a few lacey ferns bending gracefully to look at themselves.

And now comes the loveliest reflection of all. The dainty brown face of an Indian maid peeps into the water and two long dark braids hang down just touching the surface. Her slim brown hands grasp a tiny tree to keep her from falling. She puts her lips down and drinks; the water splashes in her eyes and she throws back her head and laughs and then jumps lightly up. The reflection is gone.

And now it grows darker and the Black Brook turns red from the glow of the Indian Maiden's camp fire. Then, as the night grows later, the fire dies and goes out, and the little brook is dark except for the glimmer of myriad stars upon its breast.

All is quiet and a great black bear shambles to the water's edge. He looks weird and strange by starlight. Then he too fades out of the picture.

It is too dark to see more for it is night, the night of ages beloved of the Gods. The reflections in the Black Brook are gone.

B. PLANCHE, V.B.

THE SONG OF THE LAGGARD

(With apologies to John Masefield)

One road leads to practices,
One road leads to drill,
My road keeps me bedwards,
Let the rest go as they will.

One road leads to breakfast,
One road leads to prayers,
My road leads me bedwards,
Right back up the stairs.

All roads lead to classes
And there are such a lot!
My road leads me bedwards,
If only I don't get caught.

A wet road heaving, shining,
As we walk and walk in the rain
Or else sweat on the hockey field
As I long for my bed again.

My road lures me, calls me
To the pillow soft and warm
And there I'll be in a dreamless sleep
Until the hour of morn.

D. CRABTREE and D. PETRY,
(Matriculation).

UNCLE PHIL

Green grow the vines o'er a cabin in the dear old smilin' South;
There stands at the door in contentment, Uncle Phil with a pipe in his mouth.
His hands are all knotted and swollen with his work in the cotton field,
And his feet are tired and trembling yet the ache in his heart is healed.
"In work there is forgetting," he says as he plods away,
Forgetting the days of his freedom when he was young and gay.
His clothes are all torn and tattered, no learning can he profess,
Yet his heart is filled with contentment the rich may not possess.
He says that perhaps at noon-tide when the lark is in the sky,
That his soul shall break loose from its moorings and away to his mammy fly.
His life may then be forgotten by his homely negro race,
But those who have seen and loved him will never forget his face.

B. PLANCHE, V.B.

TRIOLET

Now the Spring is here again
So the whispering breezes say.
Joy is in the hearts of men,
Now the Spring is here again.
Sunshine takes the place of rain,
In the month of May,
Now the Spring is here again,
So the whispering breezes say.

A. McLACHLAN, V.A.

"HOPE"

"HOPE," painted by G. F. Watts, gives a vivid picture of man's never failing aid in need—hope.

On a globe of burnished gold, garbed in a soft dress of pale blue, her bare feet peeping out, there sits a fair maiden playing on a lyre with her golden hair falling over her shoulders.

All around there is the dim glow of twilight with shy stars peeping curiously to watch the solitary player. The quiet ocean waters gently lap the sides of the world and the evening mist gathers close, enfolding everything in its hazy and mysterious light.

Once the strings of the lyre gave forth happy golden music, but, as the musician played on, the strings broke one after another, and now only a thin thread is left. As the young girl plays she bends low, to catch the solitary note. One can almost hear the faint, silvery melody trembling on the still air.

Faith, Love and Charity—all these strings have broken. The blind-folded maid in desperation stoops to hear the only one left—Hope. Eagerly she listens while the quiet ocean waters gently lap the sides of the world, and nature in its silence seems to wait—hoping.

N. PIRIE, VI.B.

"BREAK"

Break, break, break,
Is it known how I long for thee?
How I wish that my tongue could utter
The answers unknown to me.

O! well for the farmer's lad,
That he speaks good French quite gladly,
While I with a longing sad,
Still speak it very badly.

And the list of the verbs long and myriad,
Goes on and on until
I sigh for the end of the period
And the sound of a bell that is still.

Break, break, break,
Break's gone and its pleasures are dim,
And oh! will I ever remember
The conjunctive of "sum" is "sim"?

D. McCONNELL, VI.B.

MOGOLLON

HAVE you ever seen a mining camp? There is one in New Mexico called Mogollon, where I used to live, so, if you like, I will tell you something about it.

Mogollon is in the Mogollon mountains, a range in the Rockies and the town is at an altitude of 6,500 feet. These mountains are covered with juniper and an evergreen tree with bluish green berries and many kinds of spruce and pine. Though there is snow which stays nearly all winter on the mountain tops and northern hillsides, the storms are of short duration and the sun is bright and warm in the winter. It can never be very hot at such a height. The climate is the finest in the world.

You leave the main line of the Southern Pacific Railway at Deming, taking a branch line to Silver City, the nearest railroad station to Mogollon. The rest of the journey is by road, across the Continental Divide where the waters flow down on one side to the Pacific, on the other into the Gulf of Mexico. From the Continental Divide you descend to the Gita River Valley, along the banks of which are cliff-dwellings, the homes of pre-historic Indians.

For a long way now you can see the Mogollon mountains, standing blue in the distance. Then you leave the valley for a steep but beautiful climb of ten miles up to Mogollon. The village is in the bottom of a steep

narrow canon. There is hardly room for the narrow street lined with buildings on either side. If you keep on going up the canon and turn up another one you will come to Fanny, another mine, while you have already passed the Last Chance, the most important mining claim in the district on your way from Silver City.

Even if you are only in Mogollon a few hours you will be sure to see a train of *burros*, carrying large packs of wood. It hardly seems possible for them to carry such loads. You may imagine, as most people do, that as you are in New Mexico you are going to see cowpunchers and bandits—but it is not so. You do not see many cowpunchers and bandit raids are not very frequent either. The people are nearly all Mexican. Once New Mexico was all owned by Spain and governed by Spanish governors who lived at Santa Fe. There are relics of the Indians there also—beads, pottery and arrow heads—and there are still men living in Mogollon who remember the Indian raids of Seronemo and Vittorio.

The Mexicans eat chiefly *tortillas*, which are something like our pancakes and are the chief bread of the country and *frijoles*, a large bean, sometimes eaten boiled and at other times mixed with meat and chili. *Tomilias* and *avucalles*—in English, alligator pears—are also common foods.

There are many lovely places for picnics round Mogollon and beautiful trails for riding. Do you not think you would like to spend some time in such an interesting, beautiful place?

M. L. KIDDER, V.B.

CONCERNING A GRAVEYARD

THIS is a true account, as told to me by Wilson MacDonald, of what happened at a certain house party outside Toronto.

On the first evening the party had been telling ghost stories. Many stories were told, gruesome and ghostly, the best by Wilson MacDonald, always a great story-teller. In fact nobody would let him stop, but begged for more after each of his nerve racking tales. Finally Mr. MacDonald grew weary and so a walk was suggested by the host and the party set out.

The road the party took led through a deep pine-wood. It was an old road and seldom used. As the party walked on the host recollected that there was a very old graveyard about a half a mile further on; he mentioned this to his companions and at once everybody was enthusiastic to see it. It appealed to them after the ghostly stories of the last hour, in fact everybody had fully awakened and they were all slightly excited and a little bit nervous.

When the old graveyard was reached, the company stopped in amazement. The scene before them was one of beauty, ghostly and mysterious, but in its age and solitude it had a strange and uncanny beauty about it.

The little gravestones were moss-grown and crumbled; the wall was a pile of stones, nothing more; behind them dark green evergreens grew and overhead there was a pale silvery moon. Truly over the whole place there reigned the quietness and the stillness of the dead.

Nobody moved for some time until finally it was suggested that we might sit among the pines and tell more ghost stories.

Wilson MacDonald was the first to climb over the tumble-down wall, but before any of the others could follow he held up his hand and put his finger to his lips.

"Look," he said, in a whisper, pointing to the farthest corner of the graveyard, "I saw something moving!"

The entire party strained their eyes gazing into the darkness of the night. Again there was a faint movement, very slight, it might have been the tall grasses—but there was something forced, something strangely mysterious about it. The party were all of one mind and except Wilson MacDonald, they wanted to go home. Ghost stories were all very well, so were graveyards for that matter, but moving figures in them were just a little too much. The question was being discussed when, to the awe of everyone, there came a faint but distinct sound from the spot where the movement had been. It was something between a groan and a sob, gruesome and terrible.

There was no more hesitation on the part of Wilson MacDonald. "Who'll come with me?" he asked in a whisper, "this must be solved. Nobody will believe us if we say we saw a ghost, so let's find out what it is." Nobody offered to go with him, in fact all were still determined to depart, but Wilson MacDonald was going to find out just what was on the other side of that graveyard, so he told them that if they would promise to wait where they were he would go himself and find out just what had put fear into everyone's heart. The people present were not children, but grown-ups so it was not child-fear that they felt, but something real, something that actually made their blood run cold. So real was it and so solemn that before Wilson MacDonald left them he asked them to promise on their honour that they would wait. Everyone took an oath, separately.

Slowly he made his way across the now ghostly graveyard, slowly but with a firm resolve. Before he realized it he had nearly reached the pines and looking down ahead of him he saw something grovelling on the ground and groaning as if in agony. His blood was as if frozen, his heart in his mouth, but he mastered his feelings and in a stern voice said: "Who are you!" There was no answer from the figure on the ground, but it shivered,

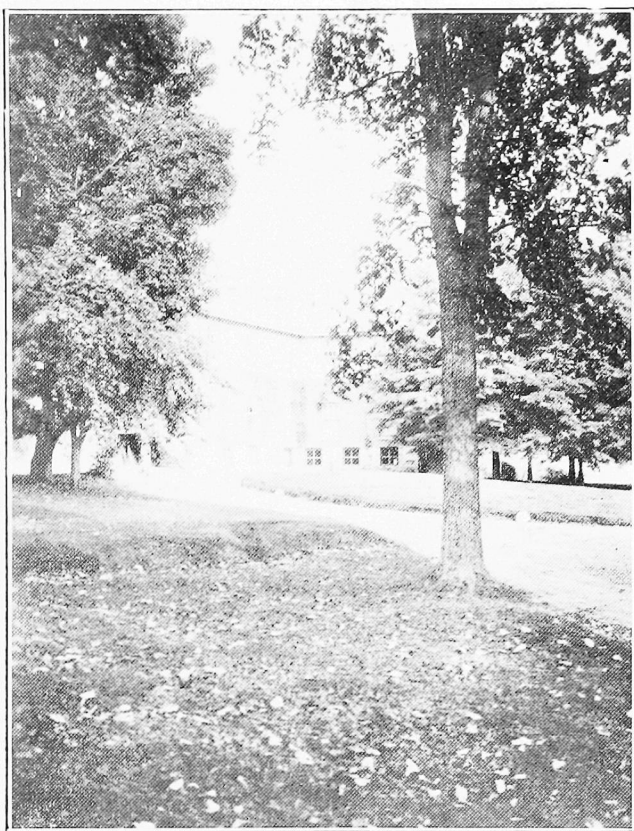
heaved, stopped its groaning and lay still. Wilson MacDonald repeated his question in a louder tone. There was no answer but a weird and guttural noise. The strain was telling on the questioner. What was this uncanny creature? Once again he asked: "Who are you?" This time it was a shout and as he shouted he saw the people whom he had left at the wall turn as a flock of sheep and fairly fly down the dark roadway. But at the moment his attention was upon the figure, his ear was strained for it had said something!

"What was that? Who are you?" this in a gentler tone. "Yes sir," came in a far away moaning voice. "I asked you your name, who are you and what are you doing here?" "Yes sir," in the same empty moaning tone. "Get up!" he said in a commanding voice at the same time prodding the thing at his feet. Strange to say it arose and as it did so, the pale moon came out from behind the dark pines.

The figure before him was one so terrible that for a moment he was completely taken aback and stood stock still unable to remove his eyes from the dreadful apparition. It was a man, or at one time it had been. Its head was a tangled mass of dirt and clay; upon its body was a dirty ragged bunch of material, nothing more. Its arms were fleshless bones which hung helplessly at its sides but most dreadful of all was the face. It was on one side entirely eaten away and on the other of a grey dead colour. The nostrils were as holes, the mouth was sunken and the few teeth it had left yellow and protruding. Its eyes were glassy and staring and from the mouth of this creature of dead came the words in a hollow tone: "Yes, Sir."

"Go," he commanded, pointing towards the crumbling stone wall, and the figure turned and half glided, half slid across the mossy graves. Wilson MacDonald followed, keeping his eyes fixed on the creature's back. All of a sudden the thing dropped onto the ground and lay moaning and tearing its hair. The now exasperated man did everything in his power to make the thing arise and continue toward the wall, but it seemed useless; there it lay upon an old mound and there it seemed it must remain, but no—as suddenly as it had fallen it rose up and, swaying towards MacDonald, swung out its bone-like arms. "Go!" he commanded again pointing towards the crumbled wall. The creature turned and glided towards the wall. "Yes Sir," it muttered again.

When they had crossed the low wall he stood facing the inhuman thing of dirt and rags, looking straight into its staring eyes. Pointing down the road he said in a stern, commanding tone: "You go that way, I'm going this way." With that the creature obediently turned and said, "Yes sir," and glided slowly down the road. Wilson MacDonald turned and walked swiftly up the road.



KING'S HALL.

SOME OF THE NEW STAFF ON THE WAY OVER
SS. ANTONIA.



Miss Lewis Miss Scott Miss Murphy Miss Wilson Miss Stephens

THE LADY PRINCIPAL.



Miss Tugwell

As he hurried along through the still darkness he felt all of a sudden that something strange was happening. Fear came into his heart, an uncanny feeling gripped him—he turned around. There, crawling on its hands and knees was the creature, directly behind him, a gloating, haggard look on its revolting face. Wilson MacDonald mastered himself, pulled himself together with one last effort, and, again pointing in the other direction, said: "You go that way!" The thing, gazing with its glassy eyes upon his face, said: "Yes sir," turned and slowly crawled away down the road back into the gloom, back towards its graves, back to its moanings and grovellings among the dead.

Wilson MacDonald gave it one last look, then with the speed of a track racer he turned and ran up the road towards the house of his host.

He arrived at dawn and after he had related the story of his ghastly night he received the apologies of his friends. They had been in such a state of nerves that when he shouted at the creature they had taken it to mean they were to run and in their fear they had done so.

The story of the night never explained itself and this strange creature has never since been seen by anyone. Certainly none of those on that especial house party would ever approach the old graveyard again even by broad daylight.

N. SHOREY, V.A.

THE LITTLE OLD LADY AND HER GARDEN

AWAY out in the country in a very small cottage lives a sweet little old lady whose chief pride is in her tiny garden. It is her greatest joy and the place where she spends most of her time.

All the neighbouring gardens are very envious of this one, for it flourishes and daily grows more beautiful as all gardens must who are the lucky possessors of sweet little old mistresses. It is often thought that the little old lady looks almost like a flower herself—her cheeks are so pink and her eyes so blue even though her face is wrinkled and her hair as silver as moonbeams.

When the old lady wanders along the little winding paths in her frilly lavender dress, all the flowers smile and bow in the breeze and everything is the happier for her coming. All the tiny pansies dimple and twinkle in the sun and even the hollyhocks' austere faces wear smiles of welcome.

She has a little kitchen-garden beyond the flowers, and here the fat tomatoes and rosy strawberries grow peacefully. The very slugs seem to be ashamed to venture near her garden, as the succulent lettuce remarked to a fat cabbage one day. The fat cabbage agreed heartily, and then

broke off to bow as gracefully as his bulk would permit, for the little old lady was coming toward them. This kitchen garden is separated from the flowers by a tiny green fence, and often the tomatoes pay court to a pretty pink carnation through the cracks.

The flower garden is intersected by winding pebbled paths, and in the very centre is a tiny fountain which sprinkles its cool spray over the flowers all day long. The very Cupid on the fountain looks more cherubic since he has been put in his new domain. The garden is surrounded by a stone wall, not a high forbidding stone wall, but a nice crumbly low one, over which vines grow so thickly that you can hardly see the stone at all. The sun seems to delight to shine over the gay colourful scene of all the dainty flowers bobbing up and down in the breeze, and, in the midst of all, the sweet old lady moving around with her little green watering-can.

But perhaps the best time of all is at night time, when the moon sends her soft silvery radiance over the quiet garden. The tired flowers nod their sleepy heads, whilst the little old lady, like a phantom in her lavender gown hastens around to say her final goodnight to her little domain; and through the flowers there seems to be a gentle whispering sound rising through the scented air as though the flowers were bidding goodnight to their gentle mistress.

M. TURPIN, VI.A.

ON "LIEBESTRAUM"

Dream of Love! Oh! those strains that call
From the wilderness. And by the soft waterfall,
As twilight gathers round her gown of sleep the dove
Longingly yearns his mate while the ball
Of living flame leaves the dark heavens above,
And in the stillness round is a Dream of Love.
Then in a burst of passion filled with fire
The heart sends forth its intense song,
To the blazing sky and the lilies along
The dreamy river. And the sound of the lyre
Brings peace to a stormy heart. A vain desire
Floats down the stream and is lost among
The shadows. The lonely soul is crying,
The air is filled with sighing. The echoes are dying.

N. PIRIE, VI.B.

'T WAS EVER THUS

NATURALLY I'll fail, but anyway I'll study hard and then nobody can say I didn't try. Now let's see—where can I go? Ah! I have it—the science room.

Thereupon our student seizes her books and, filled with enthusiasm, starts off. But alas! on reaching the door she finds it tightly shut and groans from within tell her it is already inhabited.

Now where to? Perhaps the practising rooms might be empty. I'll try anyway. How on earth am I supposed to get that colossal fire-escape door open with my arms full of books? There goes little Agnew; I'll ask her to open it.

"Hey, little Agnew, will you open the door for me? Thanks."

Crash! Now I'm in a rage. Those crazy books would fall. I suppose when I finally pick them up I'll be grey-haired. If there isn't a room empty after all this, there'll be one less when morning spreads her glory over ye old homestead. Such run our heroine's thoughts as she makes her way to the aforesaid chambers of torture—to the listeners at least.

"Hello! No—I'm not starting a book shop; merely going to exert my brains over the mysteries of geometry. Now don't be rude and howl with mirth; it's not even amusing. Do you know if any of the practising rooms are empty? What, they're all taken!" (much consternation demonstrated). "Now I'm ruined. Where'll I go? No. The classrooms are *terribly* noisy; the science room's taken; it's pouring with rain out. What'll I do? I'll just flunk with honours, that's all. How'd you get all yours done? Oh! are you going to dance? Wish I could, but I've got to study. I'll try the cloakroom. Brilliant thought. Goodbye!"

At length the cloakroom is reached and our studious one settles down to an evening's labour.

Theorem 15. How'm I supposed to know that? Must have been in bed when we had it. What's *congruent* mean? Guess it must mean equal to 180° . No! Of course not. It's *scalene* that means that. Well, I'll try the next thing. Heck! Don't understand a word. What's that they're playing upstairs? "I Wanna be Bad". Yes, I certainly do, so I guess I'll join the merry mob up on high. Anyhow what's the use of staying down here and looking at stuff you've never seen before. And besides you can't make up a year's work in a night. Now can you?

B. JAKES, V.A.

Competitions

Art.—

A prize is offered for the best original illustration in black and white to any episode in the *Wind in the Willows* by Kenneth Grahame. The illustration may be any size but must be suitable for reproduction in the magazine. The words to which the drawing is an illustration must be printed beneath.

Literary.—

A prize is offered for the best short story having the following ending. The whole story including the ending must not be more than 1,000 words in length and must have a suitable title.

Ending:

"Now at last home was in sight. There was Mary with her lighted lantern standing, as ever, at the gate to meet him. Thomas Erskine began to hurry. Then for the first time since he had left the station, he missed Rover."

"Rover, Rover," he called. "Rover—where are you?"

Mary came towards him.

"Don't call him," she said. By the rays of the lantern Erskine could see that his wife had been crying. "Don't call him—he won't come."

"But he was with me a moment ago." Mary looked at him strangely.

"Rover died this morning," she said. "He was shot—I found him."

"But I tell you he was with me. He was at the station to meet me as he always is. He came through Hangman's Copse with me. He . . ."

Mary pulled him by the arm and led him to the stable. There under an old blanket, the great dog lay, stiff and cold now, and a bullet wound in his head. Thomas stared at him in silence.

"I must have imagined it," he said at last. "But I could have sworn he was with me. I don't understand . . ."

And down in the village below the woods, there was another person who did not understand. Bill Ricketts was swearing strange vows of reformation and babbling like an idiot of ghosts that walked and a devil-dog in Hangman's Copse.

Entries for both competitions should be in not later than December 1st, 1929.

School Record

Head Girl - - - - - Katharine Smith

House Captains

Montcalm - - - - - Diana Petry

Rideau - - - - - Jocelyn Temple

MacDonald - - - - - Jean MacDonald

Sports Captain- - - - - Louise Mitchell

Form Captains

Matriculation - - - - - Katherine Smith

VI.A - - - - - Barbara King

VI.B - - - - - Elizabeth Currie

Mary[†] Baillie (after Easter term.)

V.A - - - - - Gwyneth Harding

Bella[†] Jaques.

V.B - - - - - Kathleen Crabtree

Peggy Dunn

Guide Notes

Since the Magazine went to press we have heard that the King's Hall Company came *second* in the shield competition and won honourable mention.

SCHOOL CALENDAR—1928-1929

1928

September 12th. Beginning of the School Year.
November 3rd. Halloween Party.
12th. Thanksgiving Holiday.
14th. Recital by Miss Hood.
December 1st. Performance of "H.M.S. Pinafore."
18th. End of Term.

1929

January 16th. Beginning of Spring Term.
February 1st. Lecture by Miss Warren.
March 3rd. Basketball Match vs. Lennoxville.
8th. Lecture by Miss Brown.
9th. Miss Tugwell's Birthday.
16th. Swedish Competition.
19th. VI.B—French Play.
24th. Basketball Match vs. Lennoxville.
27th. End of Term.
April. 10th. Beginning of Summer Term.

Sports

Autumn Term—

Hockey

Sports take up a large and important part of our time here. In the Autumn Term we started immediately we came back to practice ground-hockey, and this game, although it cannot be played much in Canada, afforded lots of exercise while the weather remained fit for it. This year we had several House games, but only one big match, that between Quebec and Ontario, which was a very even game though Quebec managed to win in the end.

Result: Quebec vs. Ontario.
Quebec won 2—1.

Baseball

Baseball was also one of our chief games in the Autumn Term. We had a baseball diamond at the back of the school and on rainy days played in the gym.

Spring Term—

Skiing and Skating

After the Christmas holidays we took part in Volley-ball, Badminton and Basketball as well as in Skiing and Skating. Everybody skied, but a test had to be passed before the ski-ers could go to the big hill beyond the Coaticook woods. This year we had an exceptionally good skating rink and there were usually several skaters out each day.

Badminton

The Badminton tournaments were played off at the end of the term and everybody took a keen interest in them.

Results—Senior Doubles:

M. Baillie and E. Lancaster beat M. Anderson
and C. Wickett..... 3-5, 15-11, 15-9.

Junior Doubles:

B. Jaques and N. Pirie beat G. Harding and N.
Mackay..... 15-5, 15-7.

Basketball

Basketball was the main sport during this term. We practised hard and finally picked a school team. On March 3rd the Girls' Basketball Team from Bishop's College came over and we had our first outside match. It was very close and very exciting, Bishop's in the end winning by one point. We played our return match three weeks later when about thirty

girls, including the team, motored to Lennoxville and played them on their own floor.

Results: March 3rd. K.H.C. vs. Bishop's at Compton.

Bishop's won 49-48.

March 24th. Bishop's vs. K.H.C. at Lennoxville.

Bishop's won 56-39.

The form basketball matches were not played off until the beginning of the Summer Term, VI.B winning the shield after an unbroken record of victories over the other forms.

Swedish Competition

The swedish competition between the forms was held on March 16th. This year we were fortunate in having Miss Slack of the McGill University Department of Physical Education to come as judge. The shield was won by VI.B, who beat the Matriculation form by half a mark.

Result:

Form	Leader	Marks
VI.B	B. Cochrane	80½
Matriculation	M. Gurd	80
V.A	B. Jaques	79½
VI.A	J. Neale	76
V.B	M. L. Agnew	72

Summer Term.—

Riding

We started off this term by finishing the basketball matches. Since then our chief sport has been riding. During the holidays horses were bought for the use of the school and the keen riders have been able to go out twice or three times a week. On Saturday afternoons there are longer rides to Coaticook.

Tennis and Golf

Tennis has already begun and several enthusiasts have been out on the courts trying to get them in condition for the tournaments which will probably begin quite soon. We hope too that we shall soon be able to go over to Waterville for golf. The Seniors went over several times in the Autumn Term.

Sports Day is a big feature of the Summer Term, and we have begun to practice already for the various races. We cannot of course, say anything about the results as yet. The School owes a vote of thanks to Miss Laidlaw for the way in which she has coached us in all our games throughout the year and especially for the time and help she gave in coaching the basketball team.

L. MITCHELL,
(Sports Captain).

HALLOWEEN

HALLOWEEN was duly celebrated on the Saturday after that eventful eve. The school was present in fancy dress and many original costumes were seen. Among those particularly noticed were Audrey Sheppard and Gwen Harding, whose dresses were entirely made of handkerchiefs and who were awarded the prize for the most original costume. The prize for the most amusing costumes went to Peggy Dunn and Peggy Neale, who represented a much harassed negro husband and wife with their family in a baby carriage. The prize for the Staff was awarded by the school to Miss Lewis and Miss Floyd-Stephens as the King and Knave of Hearts. Among those also specially noticed was one, "Wing," representing a party of mountain-climbers, suitably dressed for the occasion. The only tragedy of the evening was the stabbing of Caesar, which was most brutally enjoyed by all. The gym was suitably decorated for the occasion by the "Matric." form. After an evening spent in dancing the celebration closed with a tired but happy school.

VI. A.



Thanksgiving

THE TREASURE HUNT

THANKSGIVING evening found every one full of pep and eagerly awaiting the time for the treasure hunt to begin in spite of the fact that there had been a paper chase earlier in the day.

Miss Pearce, having spent some time in making the clues into obscure verses, finally sent us to the library and gave us our first puzzling piece of paper. After the girls had done everything but pull the pianos apart, the second clue was discovered in one of the practising rooms. This misleading verse said something about "froth blowers", and had anyone been up in any of the corridors they would have seen people madly looking under basins and bath tubs for a trace of their next information. Having left the Dining room we went to the Arts form room where was mentioned a wooden horse. Some even tried the Laundry—but in vain. The Gym yielded the next clue and we rushed frantically from Gym to Cloak-room, Cloak-room to Dispensary, then up to the "Old-girls" room and down to the Hall outside the V.B. classroom.

Having been to the Science room and then to the front Music room we all found ourselves in the lounge, vainly trying to find the last clue to the great amusement of the staff. After nearly half-an-hour's unsuccessful search the treasure, a vase, was discovered by Dot McConnel.

J. GLASSCO, VI.A.

MISS HOOD'S RECITAL

ON the 14th November, Miss Hood again gave one of her delightful violin recitals. She was exceptionally well accompanied by Miss Pruttsman. The stage was attractively arranged with lamps and plants, and formed a very charming back ground. Miss Hood, as ever, was most generous in her encores and responded again and again to the enthusiastic applause of her audience. Among the favourites were Brahms's "Waltz," Kreisler's "Liebesfreud" and "Londonderry Air". After giving a most enjoyable programme, the recital was closed with "God Save the King."

M. HORNER, VI.A.

“H.M.S. PINAFORE”

Caste

Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	A. Sheppard
Captain Corcoran.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	J. Glassco
Ralph Rackstraw	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	B. Cochrane
Dick Deadeye	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	B. Jaques
Bill Bobstay	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	J. Cassils
Bob Beckett	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	M. Baillie
Tom Tucker	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	C. Baptist
Tom Bowlin	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	N. Pirie
Josephine	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	M. Gurd
Little Buttercup	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	D. Crabtree
Hebe	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	H. Richardson
Play Leaders	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	M. Baillie and J. Glassco.

“H.M.S. PINAFORE”

“MY goodness! only a few more minutes and then we begin!” “Where is the brown stuff?” “Please kick me so my pants will appear naturally dirty.” (This alarming remark was from Dick Deadeye, who was not meant to be scrupulous about cleanliness). The night had arrived and there was a great hustle and bustle going on downstairs, where the actors were dressing and putting on the finishing touches. “Will they never be ready?” “Do be quiet! You’re making much too much noise!”

A very much harassed mistress arrived to inform us that we simply must not make any noise as we went up to the gym. Arrived there with many “sh-s,” the sailors took their respective places on the stage, and the rest of the caste sat quietly(?) in the wings. The curtain opened and the burst of song which followed told us that our opera had really begun.

The attitudes and emotions of the players were many and varied. Josephine, our pretty heroine, sat outwardly calm, but she was inwardly anxious. The Captain, taking his stand behind the cabin door, was vainly striving to secure his locks under a tight-fitting hat. He also seemed calm, but—ah! well! Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B. was attempting to extricate his chin from his high and massive collar. Having done this, he paced an imaginary deck, recalling his lines with difficulty. Our dear Buttercup was in a sorry plight. She had a sore throat and was gargling with Listerine, yet, when her turn came, she sang like a bird. Ralph was the most anxious. His voice was in the changing stage and sometimes cracked. If such a thing happened it would ruin all. No wonder he was worried. Then each in turn made her entrance and the first act was over.

The intermission did come, though we thought it never would, and the actors had a much needed rest. Someone was dispatched for a jug of water and when it arrived all partook of it. Remarks flew and many tongues wagged sagaciously as to the result of the opera. The tinkling of a bell warned us that the second act was about to begin.

The rest of the performance passed—seemingly—without mishap, but we will leave the stage and take a glance into the wings. The Admiral—for instance—was forced to open his coat during the intermission as the heat was oppressive. We had only ten minutes and to refasten it took ages. During a quiet moonlight scene we endeavoured to button up Sir Joseph. The sailor who was accustomed to “do up” His Excellency was missing and much scurrying ensued. Should we be able to do up the offending coat in time? There was much pushing and pulling while the Admiral suffered in a silence punctuated only by grunts. Time was flying and we still had six more buttons to do. At last the missing “valet” hove in sight from a wing. Then His Excellency was duly “fixed” and was able to go on the stage in apparent calm.

Such were our exploits behind the scenes. The audience, however, sensed none of this and if anything was to be concluded from the applause, our opera was enjoyed by all.

ONE OF THE CASTE.

“H.M.S. PINAFORE”

ON December 1st, 1928, “H.M.S. Pinafore” was successfully played to the conventional crowded house at King’s Hall. On the same night the D’Oyly Carte Opera Company was playing to a crowded house in Montreal. One assumes that they also played on that evening with success. But we can safely say that no member of the audience in the gym at K.H.C. would have exchanged her seat—albeit uncomfortable—for a stall in His Majesty’s Theatre in Montreal. Perhaps the D’Oyley Carte Opera Company would not believe this statement. In so far King’s Hall exists at all for D’Oyley Carte it is as an obscure society of amateurs who sent in a meagre cheque (5% on all profits) in return for Mr. Rupert D’Oyley Carte’s kind permission to play “Pinafore.” Perhaps Mr. D’Oyley Carte, or the particular one of his minions who dealt with the correspondence, never even broke it to Henry Lytton and Bertha Lewis that they had rivals in the Eastern Townships.

It is only natural, after all, that we should prefer our own performance; of course it was infinitely more interesting to us. We have seen Ralph and Josephine in everyday life; we know the real Sir Joseph, the essential Captain Corcoran behind all their gilded buttons and braid. Those elegant Victorian ladies in their frills and muslins we have seen in garments of less ample cut; we have sat next those tars at table.

"That girl is a wonderful actress," exclaims a member of the audience. "Do you think so," says a blushing parent, trying to sound casual. "She is my daughter."

What is there in a professional performance that could give us a thrill of pride like this? And pride was not our only feeling. Indeed, we ran through the whole gamut of the emotions on that night: Anxiety—would Dick Deadeye's hump stay in its place? Would the moon keep up? Surprise—"Who would have thought . . . had it in her?" Triumph—Everybody remembered everything. D'Oyly Carte can offer us none of these things.

Indeed it is the best criticism to say that no one gave a thought to D'Oyly Carte. From the first notes of "We Sailed the Ocean Blue," to the last notes of "He is an Englishman," we thought of nothing but the play and the players. Everyone rose nobly to the occasion. The costumes were charming; the music excellent. All the principal actors were so good that it would be invidious to single out any of them. We showed what we thought of them by our encores and applause. The choruses—augmented by a body of "plain-clothes" singers in the wings—were rousing as choruses should be; the orchestra was a credit to Miss Lewis and to all who played in it. The evening went out with cheers and roses; cheers for the actors and the leaders; cheers for Miss Pearce, our pianist; cheers for Miss Stephens, who managed the costumes; cheers above all for Miss Lewis, who was conductor, producer and stage-manager in one. And in the cheering we did not forget Jimmy, without whom we should have had no stage to play upon and who showed himself then, as ever, like Habbakuk "capable de tout."

ONE OF THE AUDIENCE.

TWO LANTERN LECTURES

DURING the Lent Term we were very fortunate in hearing two interesting lectures, both of which were illustrated by lantern slides.

On February 1st Miss Warren lectured on the "Land of the Heather," showing some very beautiful slides she had coloured herself. On March 8th, Mrs. Brown, whose husband is the curator of the National Art Gallery in Ottawa, spoke on Canadian Art. Her slides included many famous paintings by the old masters, as well as some modern ones. We hope that we shall have the opportunity of hearing them both again.

M. Wood, VI.A.

"CENDRILLON"

ONE Wednesday night in the Easter Term Form V.B gave a French play, which was a short version of "Cinderella."

Cendrillon, the luckless heroine was played by Kathleen Crabtree, while her prince in blue and gold was Barbara Planche. The "long-haired page in crimson clad" was acted very well by Jean Buchanan, and the fairy

godmother, perfect with hump and crutch was Sheila Price. Vivian Harding and Dosia Bond, the two step-sisters, afforded great amusement by their protests against the attentions of the Prince to Cinderella.

Credit is given to Miss Floyd Stephens for her diligent coaching of the actors and, thanks to her, the play was a great success.

N. PIRIE, VI.B.

THE VI.B FRENCH PLAY

ON March 19th, Form VI.B put on a splendid little French play—*Arlequinade*. The part of Columbine was very well acted by Catherine Baptist, who made a charming heroine. Her lover, Harlequin, a tall lanky youth, was admirably played by Barbara Cochrane. Jessie Cassils, the stern father, was well suited to her part and twisted her whiskers with great ferocity. The friends of Columbine looked very picturesque in their colorful costumes; and the curtain-pullers in the appropriate dress of Pierrot and Pierrette, spoke the prologue.

Nora Pirie who took the part of Pierrot, really deserves a paragraph to herself. She acted the part of the stupid servant as if she were born to it (we hope Nonie will excuse us!).

We must thank Miss Floyd Stephens for all her patience and help in coaching the players, both in their acting and their pronunciation. Three cheers for Miss Stephens and the VI.B. play!

D. PETRY, (Matriculation).

SUNDAY NIGHT ENTERTAINMENTS

DURING the winter term we had no services on Sunday night, and so at Miss Tugwell's suggestion, we formed a committee, for which we never succeeded in finding a name, to give some kind of entertainment every second Sunday night. We gave three entertainments altogether.

The subject of the first was "The Sea." Some of the girls read Sea Poems and a tragedy "Riders To the Sea", by J. M. Synge, was read.

For the second Sunday we read a few scenes from "Macbeth," and then a short comedy, "The Rehearsal" was read. This piece was very amusing as it dealt with the difficulties that Shakespeare had to overcome when he first produced "Macbeth" in 1608.

The last programme took the form of a musical evening. We had some community singing and Miss Lewis and Miss Wilson sang some numbers which were greatly appreciated.

Although we did not get very far in our attempts to form a club for Sunday night entertainments, yet we all feel that if it had not been for the hard work of Miss Murphy, Miss Lewis and Miss Horner, we never could have started at all.

D. CRABTREE (Matriculation).

Girl Guides Notes

THE 1st King's Hall Company, started on the fourth year of its existence in September, 1929. At the first parade twenty-three girls were present, thirteen were former members of the Company, three came to us from other companies in Canada and seven were recruits.

The company was divided into four patrols—Pimpernel, Heather, Snowdrop and Scarlet Tanager, under the leadership of Diana Petry, Sallie Kilvert, Elizabeth Currie, and Louise Mitchell. Before a month had passed the Company had increased to thirty and a fifth patrol was formed with Mary Baillie as Patrol Leader. They chose as their emblem the Shamrock, for reasons too obvious to need explanation—and the compliment thus paid to their Guiders was greatly appreciated.

It was a great pleasure to welcome several new people into our midst after the Christmas vacation, particularly Miss Pearce, who was enrolled as a Guider at the last parade of the Autumn Term and has since given valuable help to the Company, also Mary and Elizabeth Anderson, who came from the 17th Ottawa Company and two recruits, Lizette Flood and Vivian Harding.

We were sorry to lose Elizabeth Currie, the leader of the Snowdrop Patrol, at the end of the Spring Term. Mary Bunbury was elected to take her place.

Unfortunately we can not yet boast of a first-class Guide, but we have eleven 2nd class Guides, and will have several more before the end of June.

At the moment our main energies are concentrated on an attempt to acquit ourselves well when Mrs. Dobell, our commissioner, comes to inspect and examine the Company in connection with the Shield Competition. This Shield has been presented for competition by Mrs. Duggan, the Provincial Commissioner, to the Companies of Quebec City and District.

Already we have had some enjoyable hikes and with the coming of the warmer weather we hope to have some more, for these are days that we all enjoy. Then we get closely into contact with nature and feel that we can say with Van Dyke:

"These are the things I prize and hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies, peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadow of clouds that quickly pass,
And after showers the smell of flowers,
And of the good brown earth,
And best of all along the way,
Friendship and mirth."

D. E. MURPHY.

Personalities

IN THE STAFF ROOM

- 1—The English class is our delight,
We think of it both day and night.
We've not found talent like Miss Horner,
Though many for us make it warmer.
- 2—Miss Laidlaw revels in the gym,
And tries to keep our figures slim
By jumping over numerous hurdles,
And then awarding us Blue Girdles.
- 3—"Pinafore" made Miss Lewis renowned,
And everywhere do her praises resound.
Singing is not her only aim,
For well she plays her tennis game.
- 4—Miss Murphy teaches us of Kings,
Of wars, and other fusty things,
She came to us from Ireland green—
We hope she'll long be on the scene.
- 5—Miss Pearce, a veteran of the staff,
Is always ready with a laugh,
She plays for us to dance and sing,
And makes in church the organ ring.
- 6—Science and maths. we sure do swot for,
Or else Miss Scott will give us "what for"—
Next year we hope that she will stick
To pull us through in our Matric.
- 7—From far off Wales Miss Stephens came,
In Compton now has made her name.
We work for her as best we're able,
And why not?—with our good time table.
- 8—Miss White has oft been heard to say
"Keep right on going, don't delay,"
Purple shadows are her craze,
Even on the clearest days.
- 9—Miss Wilson's class we all adore,
For there we hear great tales of war.
We do not stick to Caesar's time
But oft to modern days do climb.

VI.A—(combined effort).

Miss S.—“How can you tell a beech tree?”
Voice from the back of the class:—“By the sand.”

“What is the penalty for boxing-up?”
“Look it up in Heath’s.”

FUTURE OF VI.B.

In ten years we expect to see:

Virginia—oh! at the Bluffs she’ll be;
Catty—happily married then—
Baillie—purchasing shoes size ten!
Jess—a great call will have answered;
Cochrane—this line has been censored;
Libbie—bargaining in tones so bold;
Betty—travelling in realms of gold;
Max—wintering in warmer climes;
Jane—married and divorced six times;
Sallie—the blushing village belle;
Lankie—we know but we won’t tell;
Gertie—still learning memory work;
Dot—bed-making trying to shirk;
Bits—ever growing her raven locks;
Nonie—learning with Steph to box!
Read—now grown to five foot three—

And thus the future of our great VI.B
Is told to you in a Prophecy.

THE SPECTATOR.

"THREE OF OUR HORSES"

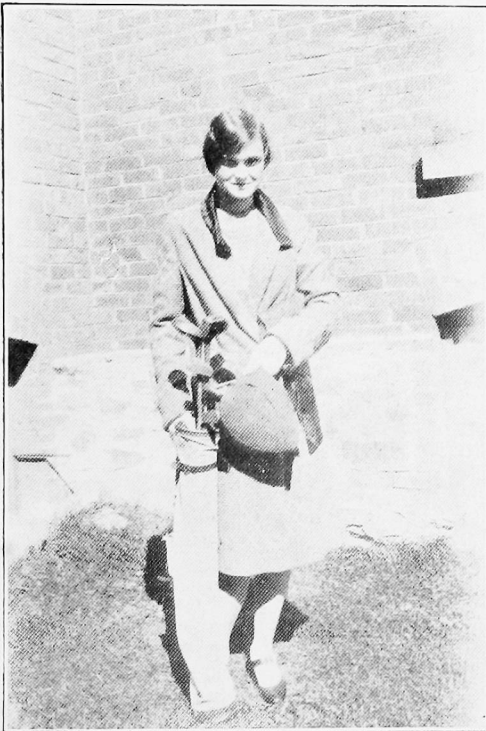


"Sadie"

"Pete"

"Mabel"

THE HEAD GIRL.



K. Smith

THE MATRICULATION FORM.



M. Harding	J. Macdonald	K. Smith	H. Richardson	A. Sheppard
A. Newton	M. Craig	F. Baines	D. Crabtree	D. Petry
C. Wickett	J. Temple	L. Mitchell	M. Gurd	

SCHOOL BASKET BALL TEAM.



J. Glassco	B. Cochrane	Miss Laidlaw	M. Baillie
J. Temple	E. Lancaster	B. Gardner	M. Hamilton
H. Henthorne	L. Mitchell	M. Gurd	

The "Matric" Horoscope

Name	Type	Noted for	Worries	Ambition	Probable Future Occupation	Favourite Expression	Why she came to School
F. Baines	Innocent	Algebra and History	Frances	To grow up	Substitute for Helen Kane	Love me or leave me	To get new ideas
D. Crabtree	Dumb	Entertaining	That 90%!	To be a Doctor	History Professor at Oxford	Aw—shut up!	For a change
M. Craig	Obliging	Receiving Letters	A certain cowboy in disguise	To own the candy store	Assistant Riding mistress at K.H.C.	Oi-Yoi!	By mistake
M. Gurd	Studious	Water waves	Baths	To spend her days in bed	Looking for <i>him</i> !	Well, I guess I know	For a rest
M. Harding	Reckless	Geometry	Her room-mate	Hasn't decided	Waiting!	I mean, you know	That's a secret
J. MacDonald	Athletic	Sports	Mil	To take <i>private</i> singing lessons	President of the Crochet Club, Granby	Ban whey	Kaye said so
L. Mitchell	Independent	Accidents	Aw-Now!	To get her hair up	Golf Caddie	For Pete's sake	Too young to know better
A. Newton	Lively	Noise	Fur Coat	To reduce	Bus driver in Sherbrooke	Now I ask you—	We wonder
D. Petry	Carefree	Getting Order Marks	Vb Black marks	To be a cat-monger	Street singer in Grand Allée	Holy cats!	To graduate
H. Richardson	Peaceful	Showing off	Which of three?	To be a chemist	Druggist's assistant	A-coo-coo!	To flee from the past.
A. Sheppard	Hypochondriac	Wearing Tunics	Lindbergh's Death	To be a Missionary	Making soup for cannibals	And this—and that	Gaol too full
K. Smith	Petite	Her laugh	Her "crushees"	Too high to express in words	Teaching Kindergarten in Lowell, Mass.	Hush	To slow down
J. Temple	Blasé	Enthusiasm	Rideau House	To start her school-life over again	Social service worker	Thanks so much	Westmount, no place for a lady!
C. Wickett	Spanish	Optimism	Her French Lessons	To spend 2 more yrs. at her Matric.	Teacher of Aesthetic Dancing at K.H.C.	For Heaven's sake	To lead us astray

King's Hall Compton Old Girls' Association

THE Old Girls' Association is now a reality! The idea was first presented by Miss Mary Rowell at the School Closing in 1928, and through her efforts, and those of Mrs. L. D. Palmer (Pixie Smith), it has gradually developed until it is now an organization that includes on its membership list, girls from many parts of the world.

This year the Headquarters of the Association is in Montreal, and Branches have already been formed in Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa and Quebec. London and Sherbrooke are both very enthusiastic centres, where Branches are in the process of being formed. There are also a number of Old Girls living in the United States and Mexico, for whom a Branch was started in New York last Autumn. However, as only six girls of the forty-nine actually live in New York, it is exceedingly difficult to keep them posted, and the Central Branch has been asked to enter their names on the Montreal list next year. England and France boast of fourteen Old Girls, with Mrs. B. A. P. Dobson (Marion Smith), as Corresponding Representative of the Association for Europe.

Numerous meetings held in the various centres reflected the Old School enthusiasm. In Montreal the first general meeting was held on November 23rd, at which 95 Old Girls were present. Miss Mary Rowell, who was the leading spirit in the formation of the Association, came from Toronto to address the meeting. A great many of the girls had not seen each other since their school days, and on all sides could be heard the murmur, "Do you remember so-and-so?"

In order to insure co-operation between the various centres, the President of each Branch of the Association has been made a member ex-officio of the Central Branch. We are also pleased to report that the Head Girl of King's Hall (this year Katherine Smith) will automatically, each Autumn, become the representative of the "Present Girls" on our Central Committee.

It is hoped that the Association will be of real benefit to the School as we stand ready to help in every way possible. We are proud to belong to such a distinguished company, for you will see elsewhere in the Magazine what some of the Old Girls have achieved. We are confident that the present girls will add to the prestige already attained, and look forward to the time when we shall be able to add their names to the rank of Old King's Hall Girls.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

England

Frances Doble, who was for some time a member of the Birmingham Repertory, has one of the leading parts in "The Chinese Bungalow," by Somerset Maugham, at the Duke of York's Theatre in London.

Births:—Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Chisnell (Norah MacCarthy), Laighton House, Bridge Road, Maidenhead, England, a daughter.

The following items are news of former Mistresses of K.H.C., most of whom are at present living in England. They will be remembered by many Old Girls who were at King's Hall between 1914 and 1921.

Miss Cross has very kindly offered to make Broomfield House, the boarding school of which she is in charge, a meeting place and a permanent address for the K.H.C.O.G.A. in England. Kew Gardens, Surrey, completes her address. She says that she would like by return mail at least six Canadian boarders!

Miss Brown, who was Art Mistress at K.H.C. until 1921, is shortly going to be married.

The two Miss Withers have returned to Liverpool from Australia to keep house for their brother.

Miss Bradshaw, who has been spending some time in England, has returned to South Africa.

Hamilton

Nothing to report, but say that "There are 32 babies amongst us all and girls are in the majority. Here's hoping they will all become members of the K.H.C.O.G.A. some day!"

Montreal

Engagements:—Helen MacGachen to Mr. Eric Norman Walker, of Yorkshire, England.

Jean Cassils to Mr. Ormiston J. Dawes.

Marriages—Nancy Esdaile to Mr. G. Herbert Cook.

Marion Smith to Mr. Benjamin Arthur Palin Dobson, of Whitestock Hall, Ulverston, Lancs., England.

Virginia Campbell to Mr. R. R. McCabe.

Beatrice Pratt to Mr. J. Stevenson Fry, April 5th.

Jessie Patton to Mr. William Watson Ogilvie, April 25th.

Phyllis Barker to Mr. Lionel MacKay Smith, May 4th.

Births—Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hope (Thea Cockburn), a son.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. S. Evans (Brownie Watson), a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Denis Stairs (Rachel Webb), a son.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Clement Holden Jr. (Elvira Strathy), a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore G. Morgan (Margaret Molson), a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. H. Ellwood (Vardon Ross), a daughter.

The following notes owing to lack of space are of necessity very brief. Marjorie Ross, who is a graduate of the Montreal General Hospital, does daily voluntary work at a Baby Clinic.

Harriett Ross is also a graduate of the General. She has been doing voluntary Social Service work inspecting homes where babies are to be adopted.

Mrs. Sydney Lyman (Vera Ibbotson), is a busy and very capable worker for many causes, her chief interest being the Girl Guides of which she is the District Commissioner for Rosemount.

Hazel Ibbotson is Secretary to the Girl Guides Association.

Sarah Starke does voluntary Social Service work at the Griffintown Club, where she also has been producing children's plays with great success. "Make Believe," by A. A. Milne, with a cast of one hundred children, from the Club was received with much favour and it will soon be followed by James Barrie's "Quality Street," also produced by Miss Starke.

Elsa May has been on the staff of the Canada Steamship Lines for the past two years. She runs their shop at the Manoir Richelieu, at Murray Bay in the summer and has recently completed the decorating of the S.S. Tadousac and the S.S. Quebec. She is now working on designs for homespun.

Mrs. Usher Jones (Isobel Fitzgibbon) three years ago started the S.O.S. (Simple Ordinary Services) with a slogan "Anything for Anybody." The S.O.S. will aid you with almost anything, from mending socks to renting your apartment, at any time and anywhere. The business has grown tremendously and has been such a great success that branches have been opened in Toronto and Vancouver.

Edith Shuter does interior decorating. She has just finished the decorating of the Hermitage Club at Lake Memphremagog, and is now making reproductions of old furniture.

Marjorie Weir is advertising manager for a large Montreal firm. She is one of the youngest members of the Canadian Women's Press Club and a member of the Poetry Group of the Canadian Author's Association, in whose Year Book several of her poems have been published. Articles by Miss Weir appear in the Canadian Home Journal and shortly her poem "Early Splendour" with music by Geoffrey O'Hara, will be published as a song. Last year she was editor of the Women's Page of a Canadian daily newspaper and shortly before that she had a stage career with the Boston Repertory, with whom she played a leading part in Barrie's "Little Minister," and also played parts in "Charley's Aunt" and "The Three Live Ghosts" with the His Majesty's Players when they played in Montreal.

Evelyn Heneker has been studying art in Paris and is at present in Rome where she has a permit to study in the Vatican and to sketch ruins.

Vernon Ross received her degree of Master of Arts in 1926 and later took a Library Course at McGill University. She is now on the staff of the McGill Library, where she has recently been doing special cataloguing of books published in the 16th and 17th centuries.

Helen Hague received her Master of Arts degree in 1928 and is at present teaching English and History at Miss Gascoigne's School, "The Study."

Ethel Hackett-Clarkson, of Vancouver, B.C., formerly of Montreal, is doing secretarial work in the Dept. of Lands of the University of British Columbia.

Among the Old Girls who are attending McGill University are: Emma Church, Phoebe Gutelius, Isabelle Mitchell, Mary Taggart and Jane Taprall.

Hope Pearson is in training at the Montreal General Hospital, Marjorie MacFarlane, Winnifred Spier, and Constance Ruse are training at the Western and Jean Bancroft at the Children's Memorial Hospital.

Quebec

Engagements:—Enid Price, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Price, to Mr. Sydney W. Williams, son of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Quebec and Mrs. Williams. The marriage to take place on June 27th.

Births:—Mr. and Mrs. Grant Glassco (Willa Price), a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Cuttle (Margaret Trenholme), of Beaupre, Que., a son.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon Ross (Kathleen Turner), a daughter.

Joy Brewer and Freda Teakle have joined the staff of the Jeffrey Hale Hospital.

Sherbrooke

Engagements:—Marjorie Francis, of Lennoxville, to Mr. Cecil T. Teakle, of Montreal.

Kathleen Stewart-Patterson will in future reside in Toronto. She has for some time been studying art in Paris.

Toronto

Engagements:—Virginia Gundy to Mr. John Thompson. The wedding to take place on June 16th.

Aimee Gundy to Dr. Rykert. The wedding to take place on June 29th. They expect to live abroad for two years.

Births:—Mr. and Mrs. Ross Webster (Leslie Lee), on April 22nd, a daughter.

Alida Starr is doing post graduate work with the Dept. of Psychology of Toronto University. She is doing special research work in child psychology, and would be glad to advise any K.H.C. parent as to the correct treatment of their child.

Isobel Ross is on the Executive of the Junior League.

Margaret Parmenter is in training for the nursing profession in Montreal and Betty Leishman is also in training in the United States.

Ottawa

Engagements:—Helen Paget to Donald Homes, of Montreal.

Margaret Minnes to Elmore Davis.

Catherine Guthrie to Shirley Woods, the marriage to take place on June 1st.

Dorothy Hartney is in New York, training for a nurse at the St. Luke's Hospital.

Betty Birkett is at MacDonald College, St. Anne's, Que.

Diana Cowan is at Toronto University.

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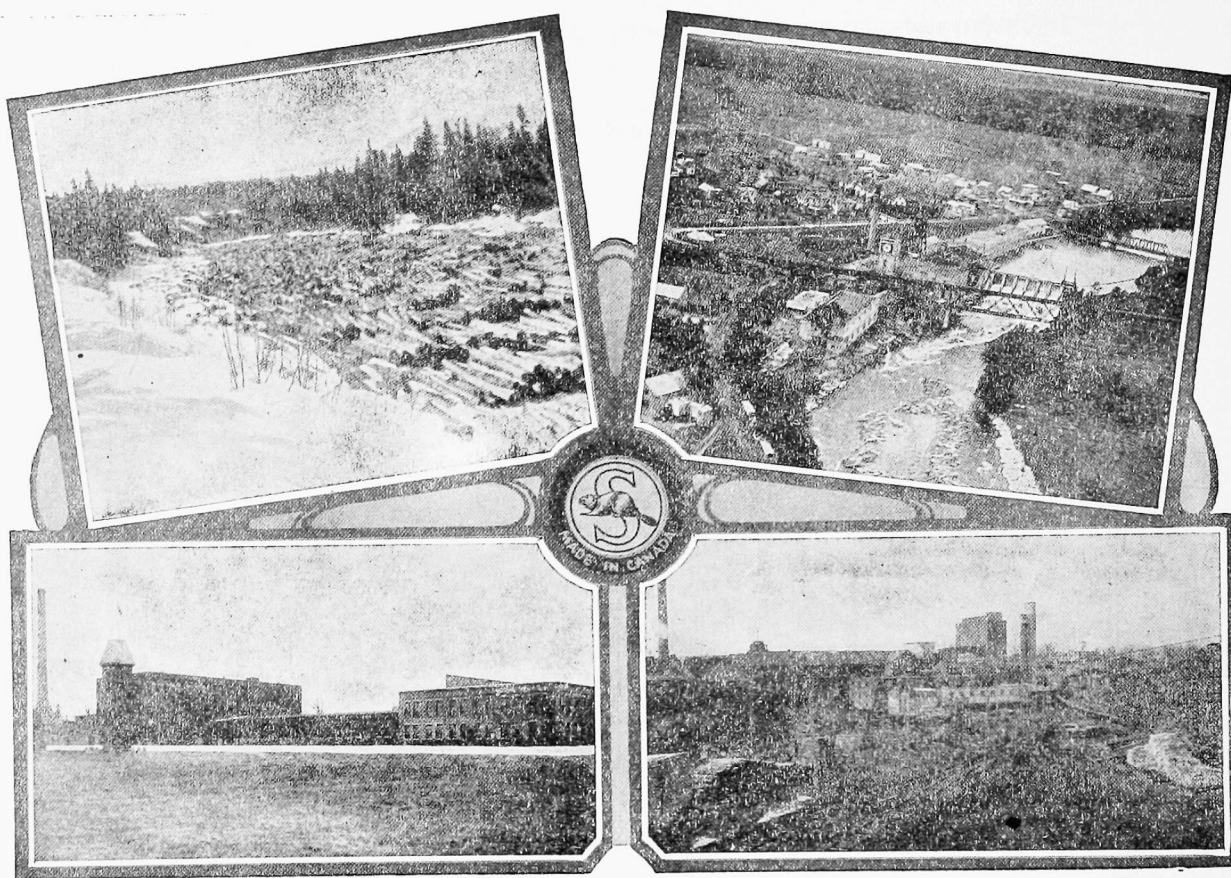
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